

Puzzle Pieces by cosmicdisco (orphan_account)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Drabble, F/M, Harringrove, I haven't written in years, I'm gay, M/M, Songfic, everything is lowercase, i can't break these habits, i'm trash, it's STYLISTIC okay, mostly gay shit, practice, very little straight shit

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Neil Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Eleven & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington & Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-12-23

Updated: 2017-12-23

Packaged: 2022-04-03 15:00:09

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 18

Words: 3,131

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

A series of drabbles and/or very, very short works, usually under 500 words, that encapsulate bits and pieces of what goes on in (and outside of) Hawkins, Indiana, each set to a different song (from multiple eras). Bittersweet, endearing, sexy, redeeming, revelatory respectively -- together, certainly eclectic.

Each song represents a different puzzle piece -- a semblance of something whole, but not quite whole.

1. Modern Love

Author's Note:

This work could also be titled "I Put My 500-Song Spotify Playlist on Shuffle and Wrote to Different Songs with My Roommate and as a Writing Challenge We Could Only Write Each Piece for the Duration of Each Song" but that's not really eye-catching or heart-grIPPING. It is a series of writing exercises to get back into creative writing after years away! So take it all with a grain of salt, and keep in mind that most of these were written (and edited very little, if at all) in under five minutes (most written in less than five minutes). We skipped songs we didn't feel like writing to or didn't have ideas for, so there was a bit of choice in the shuffle. I'd recommend this writing exercise to anyone!

Very heavily Harringrove/very sparse depictions of anyone other than Steve & Billy.

I'm getting back into writing, so I'm definitely rusty, but these are short & sweet so I hope you enjoy them! (Bonus points if you recognize the song or play it in the background as you read, for funsies)

Lots of love xoxoxoxox Frankie

Notes for the Chapter:

This song is by David Bowie, the love of my life!

he wasn't sure what was so controversial about it. back in california, he could be with whoever he wanted to, and, naturally, he ended up with everyone.

until suddenly everywhere on the news he saw headlines about a strange epidemic that was killing gay men, and suddenly the bouncers started to ask for his ID and the clubs he frequented started

to empty out into alleyways, back into their homes, back into their closets, and neil started beating him again, threatening him, saying he would catch it, he would spread it. when they left california, neil was berating him for being caught with another man, saying he was disgusting, saying he was diseased, billy didn't believe him for a second. there was nothing wrong. there was no disease — at least none he had caught.

here, with steve, he felt like he was immune. lying here, light filtering through steve's window, limbs splayed across the bed, fingers entwined, hair disheveled, he felt like he was catching something new. he felt safe.

he didn't know why people were so scared. after all, it was just love.

2. Femme Fatale

Notes for the Chapter:

None of these songs are mine! This is "Femme Fatale"
by The Velvet Underground.

*here she comes, you better watch your step
she's going to break your heart in two, it's true*

to the rest of hawkins high, she looks like any other girl. to steve, she is remarkable, fascinating, dangerous. all big, inquisitive eyes and pretty mouth, still somehow stained with his kisses. he feels as though nothing will come close to the power she has over him.

"what are you staring at?" she asks smartly.

"nothing, nothing," he trails off. "just...you're really beautiful, nancy."

"steve," she says quietly. "i'm not...you know i'm with jonathan now." her voice breaks a little, revealing the cracks in the strong facade she puts up.

across the hall, billy looks at him through long, dark eyelashes.

3. Have You Ever Seen The Rain?

Notes for the Chapter:

This song is originally performed by Credence Clearwater Revival -- I just love the Joan Jett cover, so that's what we have here!

billy won't admit it, but he's a big fan of joan jett.

when tommy and carol are listening, he goes on and on about the new bitch he's scored with, what she did for him, how her hair was long and platinum-colored, how her skin was tanned, an unnatural tone for any girl around hawkins. tommy laughs cynically and gives him a congratulatory punch on the shoulder.

when billy is home, though, he listens to joan and imagines her with her guitar, her short dark hair bouncing as she walks, eyes lightly lined with charcoal. he imagines her raspy voice and her sexy, powerful, masculine presence.

as rain falls on billy's window, he imagines maybe it's not joan singing for him, or maybe it's not the platinum blonde on her knees. he imagines thick brown hair bobbing, pale hands brushing against his own sun-kissed hips in a strange juxtaposition.

he watches the rain.

4. I Wanna Be Your Lover

Notes for the Chapter:

None of these songs are mine! This one is by Prince!
I fucking love Prince

Also this is Steve POV

we fight a lot.

almost every other sentence i can feel electricity spark between us and i want it to be over already. i want to shut you up. you talk so much.

i wanna be your lover
i wanna be the only one you come for

the way you look at me sends shivers down my spine. i've never felt this before, with anyone. i feel like i'm being hunted — like you're the predator — and yet in those small breaks, in those rare moments of silence, you submit to me silently, letting me cup your jaw, letting me calm your storm with kisses. i can feel your shoulders lower, i can feel your head tilt back.

i wonder sometimes if there's anyone else you'd rather have making you come undone like this. the thought makes me feel protective, it makes me feel as though i need to prove myself again and again. i want to be your lover. you'd never say it to me, but i know you feel the same.

i open my eyes just as i see yours open too — beautiful, big, blue eyes that look like they could tear right through me into the softer space there, the part of me that wants to give you what the world took away from you. i'd never say it aloud, but i know you know.

we stay like that for a moment more, not fighting. i know things won't always be that way. against my will, i count down the minutes until you say something defensive or i say something stupid. i count down the seconds until you finally realize what we're doing and

break it off.

“hey,” you say, calmer now. “let’s just be like this for a while.”

5. Piazza, New York Catcher

Notes for the Chapter:

Song credit goes to Belle & Sebastian!

steve wants to do everything with billy, so, one night, when billy says, "let's get out of this town," he has nothing to say. he gets up and starts packing a bag.

they take billy's car, talking the whole way. they have to talk loudly, since billy always plays his music loud and heavy. it's the only way billy can talk, so steve yells to match him.

they drive for miles, billy lamenting about how much he hates hawkins, steve smiling, giddy. he would go anywhere if billy asked.

everything is so much better ever since they started talking more. they stop the car for gas, and they share a cigarette. steve hasn't always been a smoker, but, then again, he hadn't been a lot of things before billy.

they fill up the tank and keep driving.

6. Wonderwall

Notes for the Chapter:

"Wonderwall" by Oasis came on and my roomie and I were DECEASED

We had to do it

This one is sort of Billy-omniscient

billy looks at the calendar, haphazardly tearing a piece of paper from the calendar that sits by the kitchen sink. stained with water, it reads the wrong date, so he tears off a few more pages, because he knows steve doesn't like it when he lets time fly. at least the year is right — 1997.

billy doesn't listen to so much heavy music any more. he doesn't feel like he has to. a song by oasis is blasting from their living room speakers. "wonderwall." what does it mean to be someone's wonderwall? how could a single person support anyone else so much?

it's been ten years since his father has spent his first day in jail. he knows, because he checks the calendar again. he breathes deep, but it isn't for survival. he doesn't need to breathe to stay alive anymore. now, he breathes because he can. sometimes, when he can't, steve breathes into him and makes him whole.

he looks over at steve, sleeping peacefully on the chair, california air filtering in through the open window. he smiles sheepishly and looks at the ground.

he thinks he knows the answer.

7. Boys Don't Cry

Notes for the Chapter:

This song belongs to The Cure! + Another Billy-omniscient drabble

he knows it's stupid. he feels stupid. he shouldn't have provoked neil. at this point, though, he's used to the bruises. he's used to choking back tears, hiding them underneath facades of hyper-masculinity.

at basketball practice, he shoves steve, hard, and he goes flying, bare flesh of his arms making painful skidding noises across the gym floor, brown hair becoming disheveled and dripping with sweat.

billy offers a hand and steve takes it.

“plant your feet next time. draw a charge.” it's an offer.

he looks into steve's eyes and feels a spark.

scared, he lets go, hard. steve falls back against the floor with a thud.

he knows it's stupid, he thinks, tears threatening to spill as he walks away from the only thing he cares about.

8. Friday I'm In Love

Notes for the Chapter:

This is another by The Cure but I also really like the cover by Yo La Tengo so if you haven't listened to it yet you should check it outtt

finally, it was friday. the students of hawkins high emptied out into the parking lot.

one such student was leaning against his blue camaro, smoking a cigarette.

“billy,” steve said. “did you skip class again?”

“of course not, *steve*,” the blonde said mockingly. the blush that crept up steve’s neck and cheeks didn’t go unnoticed. “just had to leave about two hours early.”

a laugh escaped billy and steve couldn’t stop staring. this side of billy was so *easy*. so sweet the way he smiled, all mouth and teeth and tongue between them like he didn’t know how to put that thing away. *some oral fixation that kid’s got*, thought steve absent-mindedly.

“you know you’re gonna have to catch up, yeah? you missed a lot.”

“how about you tutor me, harrington? let’s say...your place, tonight?”

9. With A Little Help From My Friends

Notes for the Chapter:

Song credit goes to The Beatles -- like Billy, a prominent, problematic fave

I live for Steve & Billy sharing some ganjaaaa and doing shotgunssss

“hey hargrove,” steve said, passing the joint to the teen next to him, not caring that the smoke that escaped his lips went directly into billy’s face.

“yeah, harrington?” billy was short, his narrowed eyes watering a little as he took the joint and touched it to his lips between his thumb and index finger. steve’s eyes were locked there, and he was silent for a moment as he watched billy inhale.

“are we cool? like...we’re...*friends* now, right?”

billy held the smoke in and turned to look at steve, his blue eyes intense, framed by those dark, thick lashes steve could never stop thinking about at night.

steve thought he would blow smoke in his face in return, but billy caught him off guard, moving in too close, lips *barely touching*—

“yeah, we are,” billy breathed, voice cracking, electricity passed between their lips in the form of smoke. steve inhaled obediently, looking billy in the eye the whole time.

10. Dreams

Notes for the Chapter:

This song is by The Cranberries! Quality 90s shit

i've never felt like this before
and now i feel it even more
because it came from you

ever since this bullshit happened — as nancy would put it — steve can't stop having nightmares about demo-dogs, dark tunnels, and this immense, mean, malevolent *fear* looming over hawkins, indiana. sometimes he wakes up in a cold sweat, breathing heavy.

other nights, he has *dreams*.

he'd never tell billy, but steve's been waking up breathing heavy for a different reason, visions of billy's mouth still fresh in his head like it was on him, red lips and tongue taunting him with every movement.

when he sees billy during practice, he doesn't maintain eye contact. he doesn't want to think about it. he's definitely not queer — after all, he still loves nancy.

'cause you're a dream to me

steve would never admit it, but he likes these *dreams* better than the nightmares from the upside-down.

against his will, billy catches him at the arcade the following day.

"am i dreaming, or is that you, harrington?"

11. I'm Sticking With You

Notes for the Chapter:

Another Velvet Underground! And a cute excuse to explore how Billy's like weirdly obsessed with Steve and knows everything about him before they even meet soooo

“what the fuck is his problem, anyway?” steve talks to nancy at their lockers between classes. “i mean, it’s like the guy’s *obsessed* with me.”

“steve, he probably just—“

“no, nance. that night at the party, you remember that, yeah? or most of it—“

—he doesn’t miss the upset look that registers on her face —

“anyway, look, he came up to me and knew who i was, and he knew my name and shit. and then during basketball practice, he’s like, oh, *king steve*, they called you — and then he catches me in the showers and—“

nancy laughs.

“nance, seriously. it’s weird.”

“yeah, well, you know what they say...” she trails off, giggling.

steve doesn’t know what they say.

12. Midnight City

Notes for the Chapter:

This song is by M83 which is one of my favorite band names bc galaxies alsooooo doesn't it sound like it should be an 80s song??? Or at least in a club in the "city" idk I mean I live in a city and nobody plays it at our clubs but maybe they SHOULD is all I'm saying

it's the peak of the culture, the decade, the *night*. steve is dressed to the nines — all bomber jacket and shirt tucked in neatly, perfectly pressed jeans and clean sneakers. his hair took longer than usual tonight, but he looks *good*. he's going out for the first time. to a club. a real club.

billy checks his reflection in the bathroom mirror before leaving, smiling, tongue trailing his lips. he scans himself predatorily, up and down. he decides he doesn't need that last button closed. he's going to get smashed tonight, maybe pick up some chicks. he's finally old enough. this is the night he forgets this shitty town, he's graduated, it's fucking time.

*

on the floor, their eyes meet. billy smiles, wide. steve looks surprised as he sees the other man make a beeline for him, stumbling, drunk, shirt completely unbuttoned, pants *tight* and if his arousal was a sound it would be louder than the music. he hates him. he likes him. a lot.

"it's good to see you, amigo," billy yells over the music. "you look..." billy's eyes scan him, searching, mouth ajar.

steve rolls his eyes but doesn't have time to say much else, because a moment later billy's leaning in and he's all lips and teeth and tongue just like steve always knew he would be.

13. Push

Notes for the Chapter:

Ok so I know this is Matchbox Twenty but holy shit this song is sooo good and also decidedly Steve/Billy, let's be real, listen to the lyrics like FUCK

*i don't know if i've ever been really loved by a hand that's touched me
and i feel like something's gonna give and i'm a little bit angry*

when billy lashes out, steve takes it. he doesn't want to tell billy that his anger isn't justified; that it didn't come out of something real and raw. it hurts, but steve understands.

*i wanna push you around, well, i will
well, i will
i wanna push you down, well, i will
well, i will*

billy thinks every day he becomes a little more like his father. he thinks every day he becomes more like the monster that created him, primed him for anger and aggression and *hurt*.

but nobody has tried to understand him the way steve does, here, now, patient, brown eyes searching endlessly, waiting for billy to talk. but billy doesn't want to use words. he's never been good at talking about feelings — at least, not that like this, not when the feelings are so...much.

i want to take you for granted

“you don't have to say anything,” steve says, finally. “just stop.” he's up against the wall, billy crowded in his space, angry tears streaming down his face.

“you don't have to say anything, billy.”

so he doesn't.

he closes the space between them, softly pushing steve against the

wall, both of them bruised and bloody for different reasons. it's raw and it hurts but wounds take time to heal.

14. Kids

Notes for the Chapter:

Omg it's finally a lil Eleven fic! Obv no creepy shit tolerated, this is purely about her character development/I'm actually a fan of what I wrote here idk the v popular song is by MGMT

*you were a child, crawlin' on your knees, darlin'
makin' mama so proud
but your voice was too loud*

eleven is not of many words, but what she lacks in extroversion she makes up for in action. she knows now that she has to be unapologetic, brave. for her friends. keeping her thoughts and feelings and powers inside, that isn't right. that's lying, and friends don't lie.

*we liked to watch you laughin'
you pick the insects off plants
no time to think of consequences*

she thinks back to her time spent in the lab, watched like a rat. used. abused. and it hurts, because she misses him still. when she thinks about his warm embrace, her mind isn't able to distinguish between loving and taking. she still isn't sure she knows the difference. sometimes she still feels like this whole thing is her fault, like she opened something she can never seal. she feels it every day. the upside down is close, and it never goes away. it's just hiding.

*control yourself, take only what you need from it
a family of trees wanting to be haunted*

she comes to the woods to confront her fears and to practice her gifts with twigs and branches. when she thinks about what she can do, she doesn't have any doubts anymore. she doesn't worry so much about the bad men anymore — only the bad *things* that lurk so close to her, threatening her friends, her chosen family.

she sits down, not caring about the snow on her jeans. she isn't afraid of snow anymore. she isn't afraid, she tells herself. she isn't afraid.

15. I Hate Myself For Loving You

Notes for the Chapter:

Joan Jett, ugh she's so hawt and she sings great songs
abt Harringrove

billy wants to pretend he doesn't hang on every word of steve's. it would be endlessly convenient if he could just forget the whole thing, but fuck, every time that beemer pulls up in his driveway, he packs a bag and gets in. he doesn't care about what his dad will do when he gets back.

billy is on steve the moment the car is out of the driveway and out of sight of the hargroves. his hands move up steve's shirt, settle in steve's hair. his mouth is on steve's neck, resting threateningly, feeling the pulse there. he can't get enough. steve is like an addiction. he hasn't even smoked in three days — these days, he only buys a pack when he knows steve's parents will be back in town.

steve laughs effortlessly, a happy-go-lucky laugh that breaks into a choked moan when billy bites and sucks on his pulse point. billy watches through half-lidded eyes as steve grips the wheel with more intensity.

“miss me, hargrove?”

billy breaks away to catch his breath. “fuck you.”

16. Nowhere Man

Notes for the Chapter:

This song is by the Beatles and Hopper is a Nowhere Man I don't make the rules

he stands on his deck and looks out at the lake. nothing much has changed — well, except that all of his town and his precinct and his state was flipped upside down. but, hey, stranger things have happened.

except they haven't.

nothing ever happens here, he thinks, thankful to catch a break. right, nothing's changed, except maybe now there are less beer bottles scattered around the place. now, there aren't clothes strewn around his bedroom. no more pills spilled onto the coffee table. no extra toothbrush for his guests.

because now, she's not a guest.

the sun rises.

he hears footsteps behind him on the porch and he turns around.

“halfway happy?” she says.

“a little more than that, kid,” he replies, ruffling her hair.

17. Blackbird

Notes for the Chapter:

Nancyyyy I love youuuu this drabble is for youuu
and the song is by the Beatlesss

she thinks back to the drunken night at murray's place.

she thinks maybe she's growing now, because maybe he was right about something. the one truth that didn't need to be watered down.

she hasn't been herself for a long time, and now she's figuring it out.

jonathan makes it easier — she knows he's not quite a missing puzzle piece, but something like that. nancy's always been good at puzzles, so it makes it easier to know she's figured out another variable in the equation.

all of this has helped her to know that she is fearless, powerful, direct, assertive, smart. free. she doesn't care so much what people think. it's the least she can do for herself.

18. Kiss

Notes for the Chapter:

This song is by Prince and I love kisses and kissing

steve loves kissing billy. it's absolutely like nothing he's ever experienced. he could be blindfolded, given one hundred kisses from ninety-nine girls, and he'd still know which kiss was billy's. because billy doesn't kiss like a girl.

billy kisses like he fights — steve would know. it's hard, intense, all swollen lips and searching tongue and the sound of teeth against teeth. it's wet, loud, and *filthy*. billy kisses like he fights: dirty.

it's all steve can think about, so every day after school when they get together, it's all they do. well, *almost* all they do.

so one day when they're both naked and spent, sweat a glistening sheen covering both their bodies, steve leans up on his elbow, hand in his own mussed hair and looks at billy. he's still on his back, unmoving, golden curls splayed out on the pillow, breathing like he hasn't ever breathed before.

"you know," he says, "you're a really good kisser."

"yeah?" billy says breathily, almost tenderly. steve thinks it's almost too tender, and then it's confirmed when billy follows it up with, "i know."